



A NARROW ESCAPE.

She raised her blond head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blonde curls back upon his chest.

"They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Where," she asked.

"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."

She sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief, while he drew a deep breath.

#### in the Current.

Dolly has a bathing suit  
Very short and very cute—  
Shows a lot of stocking!  
Queer sort of material—  
"Electric silk," she says they call it—because it's shocking.  
—Cleveland Leader.

#### ACCEPTED HIS FATHER'S ADVICE.



"Johnny, doesn't your conscience tell you that you are doing wrong?"  
"Yes, mother, but father said I wasn't to believe everything I heard."  
—Punch.

#### How He Catches Them.

"How does it happen that you are retained in so many divorce cases?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "seeing that you are not in my line, I'll tell you. I look over the marriage licenses every morning and send my card around to the contracting parties." —Judge.

#### A Harrowing Result.

"This agitation about Sunday shaving certainly makes one ashamed to look a stranger in the face."

"A good many natives certainly will change countenance over it if they have to shave themselves." —Baltimore American.

#### Strained Relations.

Edgar—Didn't the cook like us?

Euphemia—Oh, yes—she said that she liked us all right, but that we have to economize so that she couldn't respect us.—Puck.

#### BLOODLESS.



Bill Skeeter—Say, old man, you're looking awfully wan and peaked. Been sick?

Peaked One—Nope; been hanging round one of these all-the-comforts-of-home rural resorts all summer—and say, but it was awful poor picking! —Chicago Daily News.



Her Visit Spoiled.

The Amiable Woman—Did you enjoy your visit to Stratford-on-Avon?

The Perfect Lady—It was perfectly horrid, that's just what it was! Why, Shakespeare's tomb was guarded so meanly that I didn't get an opportunity to chip off a single souvenir, or even to write my name on it!—Life.

#### EXPURGATION.



There are some pictures at the salon, children, which I don't wish you to see."

"Which ones, mamma?"

"I'll show you!"—La Sourire.

#### Installments All Around.

Patient (gloomily)—I don't seem to be gaining very fast, doctor.

Doctor (cheerfully)—You can't expect to get well at one jump. You will have to regain your health gradually day by day—sort of on the installment plan, as it were.

Patient (brightening up)—Well, doctor, if this thing keeps on much longer I'm afraid that you will have to collect your bill in the same way.—Judge.

#### His Chief Reliance.

Professor (to graduating class in college)—Young men, there is one more question I would like to ask, and that is, what books have helped you most in your struggles for an education?

Young Scadds (promptly speaking up from the foot of the class)—Dad's check-book has helped me about as much as any of 'em so far.—Judge.

#### HE DID.



He—And now, darling, I'll have one more kiss and then tear myself away.

The Mother (interrupting)—Sorry, Mr. Denton, but do you attach great importance to the order of your programme?—Pick-Me-Up.

#### Picked Cauliflower.

Cut the cauliflower into small clusters, dropping them into scalding brine and boiling for three minutes. Drain, pack in a jar, cover with cold vinegar into which have been stirred a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful each of celery, mustard and coriander seed and whole white peppers, a dozen blades of mace and a small red pepper, sliced. Boil the spiced vinegar for five minutes, then fill the jars with it and seal immediately.

#### SPINACH FOR THE WINTER.

Directions for Canning This Healthy and Succulent Vegetable.

Pick over the spinach when you have washed it and strip the leaves from the main stem without bruising them. Cover with cold water and leave in this to freshen and crisp them. In an hour's time transfer the leaves, dripping wet, to a granite or porcelain pot, adding no water except that which drips from the spinach. Set this pot or jar in a larger vessel of cold water. Cover the inner vessel closely to keep in the steam and set both over the fire. When the water in the outer pot begins to boil, open the inner and stir the contents gently with your wooden ladle to make sure that they are heated to the center. Cover again and let the boil go on for half an hour more. There should be enough liquid from the succulent leaves to cover the spinach when packed into the jars. Seal immediately.

#### PROPER CARE OF SHOES.

Application of Petroleum Ointment is Good for Them.

An excellent preservative of shoe leather is petroleum ointment. If a small quantity be applied to new shoes it will soften the leather, and if enameled leather will keep it soft much longer than ordinarily and render it less liable to crack. If worn shoes are cleaned and blackened and then rubbed with the petroleum ointment their appearance and wearing qualities will be much improved. Have a box of oats handy and when the shoes are taken off remove all mud and dirt, lace or button them, fill half full with oats and stuff the tops with crumpled paper. When necessary to wear the shoes empty them and they will be found to have kept their shape, and will not be drawn if they were the least bit damp when taken off.

#### Evaporated Pears.

Soak the pears over night in lukewarm water, first washing thoroughly. When ready to cook put into a small pipkin or baking dish of earthenware, sprinkle with sugar or sweeten to taste with molasses; flavor with a little clove, cinnamon, or ginger, cover with water, then cover the whole with a close-fitting lid, and bake in a slow oven until the pears are tender and the liquid of a jellylike consistency. These are delicious served with hot gingerbread. If a gas range is used, and you do not wish to keep up the oven fire, simmer gently, covered, on top of the range, using either the simmerer or a small burner turned low.

#### Summer Pudding.

Prepare the dry bread as for dressing. Beat three eggs thoroughly, leaving out the whites; add one cup of water, one of milk; mix well, and pour over the steamed bread. Beat together well and boil in a thick vessel, stirring until solid. While hot add the beaten whites of the eggs with one-half cup of sugar. Stir briskly; then set aside to cool. Make a sauce of two teaspoons of flour, mixed dry with one-half cup of sugar; dissolve with a little cold water; then add boiling water until it is the consistency of thin starch. Drop in a generous lump of butter and after placing on each dish of the pudding, sprinkle with nutmeg.

#### Tinting Lace.

To color lace for a gown, procure a tube of oil paint, the color desired, and squeeze it into a cup of gasoline and stir until dissolved. Then pour into a larger vessel. Dip a small piece of the lace into it and if too deep add more gasoline until the shade desired is obtained. When it is the right color put all the lace into it. After a few minutes take out, shake gently and dry in the open air. Flowers and straw may be tinted by the same method.

#### To Restore Cashmere.

A good merino or cashmere is always worth the trouble of cleaning and remaking. Take three tablespoonsfuls extract of soap and two table-spoonfuls of ox gall; add to this about two quarts of warm water and wash the cashmere in it, then rinse and wring it in cold water. If the material is of a very beautiful black it is better to add a small quantity of dissolved alum for rinsing purposes, and any other color washed by this process is rendered fast by the alum.

#### Pickled Cauliflower.

Cut the cauliflower into small clusters, dropping them into scalding brine and boiling for three minutes. Drain, pack in a jar, cover with cold vinegar into which have been stirred a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful each of celery, mustard and coriander seed and whole white peppers, a dozen blades of mace and a small red pepper, sliced. Boil the spiced vinegar for five minutes, then fill the jars with it and seal immediately.

#### Currant Sherbet.

Pick over, and squeeze in cheese-cloth enough currants to obtain two cups of juice. Add to this two cups of water and two cups of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved stir in the beaten whites of two eggs and freeze. Serve in sherbet glasses and put on each glass a spoonful of very cold soft custard, in which a few chopped pistachio nuts have been stirred.

#### Cleaning Kitchen Utensils.

Wet a coarse cloth with hot water, soap it well and apply to copper. Sprinkle powdered borax over it and polish with a dry cloth.



ALICE BARNEY.

## The Great Painters of the Future Will Be Women

By Alice Barney

Religion Gave Man His First Impetus Toward Art—Possibilities of Religious Painting—In Delicacy and Charm of Thought Woman Excel—Capable of Giving New Interpretation of Her God—Woman needs Faith in Herself and Opportunity—Let Those Who Execute, Help—Woman Soon Will Rival Masters of Old.

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Mrs. Alfred Clifford Barney is one of the cleverest of the women artists of this country. Some of her pictures have been hung in the Paris salons and several of her portraits of the state department in Washington are now on the walls of the large reception room of that department. As Mrs. Barney is possessed of wealth, all the money received by her from the sale of her paintings is devoted to the assistance of young women who are studying art in Paris. For years she has been prominently interested in the art movement in Washington. She has had more sittings from ambassadors and diplomats than from any other artist in this country.

It will be admitted that up to the last few years gentlewomen were open to bat one honorable, and almost always possible, field—marriage. Now instead of marrying for her support and living, as she often did, a miserable and distasteful existence with a man she neither loved nor admired, we find her living and living well by her pen, her brush, her music—her profession. She may have to struggle and almost starve to gain her end, but her will and determination, her talent, her power of endurance and her powers of mind are being daily tested and are bearing the test well. During the last ten years women, both painters and sculptors, are no longer a matter of wonder. They are accepted facts and their work is judged not as the work of women but as the work of artists. The strong mailed hand that has bound her daring spirit to the limits of a home is powerless. Her wings, well feathered and strong, carry her beyond its profound but narrow limits into the great field of workers, where her talents demand and command recognition.

Naturally men have objected to women entering any of the money-making fields. They know, in the nature of things—in each department—there is only so much money, or success, to be gained; and that money, success and fame will fall to those possessing the greater talent and application. Women entering the field of art and forging ahead, as they are doing, means that men of less talent and men of like talent and less application will do without the success and money that the competing women carry off. They know that in all things when you can keep down the number of competitors greater are the chances of success and the standards—except where genius exists—less high.

Remember, it is in the boy's early years that the seed of example is planted, and from that seed, perhaps of ambition, the man becomes a warrior, a statesman, a scientist or an artist. Boys from the beginning are taught of the great deeds of Caesar, Washington, Newton and Columbus. Who were Michael Angelo and Velasquez? Were they not men? Were not all the great men but men? And will he not, as he daily studies their deeds, the deeds of great, powerful minds, will he not think, "I shall be a man—a great man?" Year after year he grows with the idea firmly planted in his mind that he is a man to whom all things are possible. And unless he is great in mind and deed it often takes time and many hard knocks before much, if not all, of his conceit is knocked out of him.

But would it not be well if the coming woman were taught that women can, and shall, attain that glorious fame, that victories are in some fields equally possible for women as for men? And to that end let the women who cannot but who desire to progress help these women who have already started on the way, aiding them, at least, by encouragement and cheer so far as their talent and strength will carry them, thereby making the road less hard for the future woman. If every idle woman who says she has no talent, no power of expression, would interest herself in some woman struggling to attain, would encourage and strengthen her efforts at those moments when the artist feels despair, she would find that the mere effort to help another would awaken in herself first an interest and then a desire to create, and little by little her artistic temperament would be aroused until the desire to try herself to accomplish

something would thrill her heart and she would arise the power of expression that is within each one of us. It may be she would become interested in a woman struggling to become a painter and thereby would awaken the powers of a painter within herself or, encouraging a painter, the sleeping musician or poet or the active practical worker in the world of progress would be aroused.

It was religion that awakened the first crude effort of man to express by means of pigments and marble his ideals. The great statues of the gods and goddesses crowning the hills of Greece were but man's expression of his belief in the deities that ruled his fate. In Italy the palette and brush were laid at the feet of the church of Rome, serving to add to her glory, to portray her beliefs, to seek the special blessing that her service bestowed, and in the end to crown mankind with the flower of an immortal art—the expression in color of his ideals.

With searching for the ideal, man awoke to the realization of the wonders of nature. Perfect in detail, marvelous in construction, sumptuous in color, nature surrounded him, beautiful even in its bareness—in its barren spots. What could rival the play of the sunlight upon field and forest, the mists of morning and of twilight time? What could more thought and canvas and colors do to surpass the charm that atmosphere breathes upon and about the homeliest things of life, giving them character and beauty, mystery and pathos? What could rival the charms of life with all its variations? So art turned from the church, its history and service, to life, to its mirth and sorrow. Not to the forsaking of its God, but to a broader and more comprehensive service, the high expression of which—to my belief—will be by the hand of the future woman.

For women are fast making themselves teachers in the field of religion, leading and leading well to those things that heretofore they were permitted only to accept with unquestioning faith and never permitted to judge; and may not the women who are painters, those who are touched by the same religious fire, may they not give their talent like the masters of old to the glory of their God, arousing not only the eye to see but the mind to awake to the possibilities of the soul?

And why should not art, touched and conquered by the hand of woman, give form to her higher intention and her higher ideals? For the delicacy and charm of her thought in her unselfishness and love of the ideal she excels men, and will she not carry art, of which she is fast making herself master, into her purer atmosphere, giving expression to her idealism; delicate dreams and great unselfishness, love that is self-sacrifice and unconscious beauty to lay all at the feet of her heart's religion—a new interpretation of her God?

In Genesis it is the earth, the plants, the animals, man, and then—woman, that follow one after the other in the order of creation, more perfect, more powerful, more intelligent and more spiritual, until woman having been made, we reach the highest and most spiritual of all created beings. We know that women are more spiritual than men, and it is the spirit that makes the great artist. It is the spirit that is developed, by continuous effort, that which is gained by arduous toil stamps itself upon the soul and personality, never to leave, giving a certain facility or trend to the artist's expression. Painting is not merely mechanical and technique alone is nothing, but the greater master of technique one becomes the greater will be the possibility of interpreting any subject as the mind desires. And technique also is not mastered without work—hard work—constant work—not merely the work of the classroom, but original work, trying to weld together and to weed out, so that what one desires to express will be unquestionable. The student knows just what to put in and what to leave out, besides what method will give the desired effect, and that is what the pupil only acquires by tedious, arduous work and step by step.

If women painters advance in the present century as they have in the past they will outstrip men. Give women faith in themselves and an opportunity to work and we shall see them rise to the pinnacle of the great masters of old whom none has excelled and to whom all artists aspire. We shall see woman, when her faith in herself is strong, a great religious painter, interpreting that thrill of religious inspiration which is in the midst of us and which seeks expression for its broad, pulsing life.

So it is as the future religious painter that I look to women to raise art above the art of men. And to this end I would arouse in the women of to-day that great faith in themselves, in their possibilities, in their powers, and in the highness of their aim. Let them try to achieve and ever keep trying; and let the women who cannot achieve through lack of talent or opportunity, encourage their more fortunate sisters until women shall be the power and most true. Then those who cannot see with the eye of the imagination can see to interpret that which is most beautiful masterstrokes where the color is put upon canvas by women—endure as masterpieces have endured, for centuries.

Doctor's Idea of Gratitude. Grateful Patient—"Doctor how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?" Doctor—"Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order, or cash."

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